

THE DAILY SILVER BELT

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THE TROLLEY SITUATION

After being argued pro and con before the public of Globe for many months, it now seems that the granting of a trolley franchise is nearing a solution, or, at least, that the people entrusted with acting on the matter are gradually approaching the point of doing something. The "something" in this case will probably be the submitting of the proposition to a vote of the people of this city, who are, in any extremity, the ones directly and vitally concerned, and consequently, the final arbiters.

The justness of this apparently appeals to the city council members, and unless some unforeseen obstruction intervenes, it will doubtless be voted to pass up the question of who shall have the franchise to the citizens of Globe in an election. The petition to do this, already presented to the council committee on trolley franchises, will appeal to every fair minded person as just and as the best solution of a problem where it is easy to do injustice to any one of the applicants for rights to operate a street car system in Globe. Past experience in such matters, as gone through by other cities, shows that the public is liberally endowed with that desirable quality known, in common parlance, as "horse sense," and the submitting of a choice of franchise to this valuable attribute of the people at large should bring the entire matter to a speedy and satisfactory solution.

Before this settlement of the question can take place, it remains for the council committee, consisting of Alderman Rose, Van Slyck and Higdon to make a report and recommendation on the franchise proposition to the council as a whole; for the council to decide thereafter which franchise or franchises shall be submitted to the public for a vote; and finally, if the matter reaches this stage, for the citizen body of Globe, the last tribunal, to make its own decision and thus close the whole chapter of arguments proposals and counter-proposals written into the city's administrative history during the months since the franchise question had its birth in the municipal council chamber.

In the fact that action of some beneficial kind now seems imminent, after a plethora of deliberation and debate, there is cause for rejoicing. In the apparent certainty of a serviceable street railway soon becoming a part of Globe's urban equipment, there is, we may say, reason for hilarity. It means increased population and a stimulus to industry. In short, it marks one more tremendous stride of Globe from the status of a mining camp toward being a municipal unit, with all the attendant conveniences that make for desirable living.

Mr. Harriman is sick, but there is no evidence to show that Mr. Harriman a saint would be.

The railroads wait at the gateway of Globe. Behind them stands Prosperity. How long will politicians like McNeil sit on the gate?

The adherents of Mr. McNeil, if he has any, need not be surprised if an explosion of public opinion around election time blows him into oblivion whence he sprang.

The Old Dominion library is a public facility that does not receive the appreciation that is its due. If the city lacked a library a great and ever-increasing clamor would doubtless arise until one was built. After all, most of us are like the perverse child that cries for that which it has not and scorns that which it has.

A PEACE LOVING PAIR.



—Triggs in New York Press.

After lying fallow for the summer, Globe's industries are at the beginning of increased activity. A very perceptible stir is abroad in the mining camps; investors are wearing smiles of confidence; and the boosters of Globe's prosperity show no surprise at the pick-up in business conditions. They knew it was coming.

If the Globe firebug sees the logical end of his practices, almost no fate that might come to him should excite any sympathy.

Is there anyone that hasn't noticed the metropolitan garb that Broad street is donning with the coming of fall? A number of substantial business blocks,—the explanation.

NORTH GLOBE'S PETITION

A petition about to be submitted to the federal postoffice authorities asks for the establishment of a branch postoffice in North Globe. The document in which this request is made bears the signatures of some six or seven hundred residents of the north end of the city and it is practically certain that the proposal for the founding of such an office to distribute the mail matter of the people in that part of Globe will find much sentiment in favor of it, not only among the citizens immediately interested, but also among those living in other parts of the town.

In a city where the business and residential section extends as far longitudinally as that of Globe, the justice of the petitioners' request can readily be seen. It is not generally realized by the average person living in Globe that the north limits of the city lie far outside the district that is now thickly settled. Within the municipal boundaries is included a large area of land lying a considerable distance beyond the Old Dominion plant, although the plant itself is not embraced by the city's limits. It can be argued, perhaps, at the present time, that the outlying district is not yet sufficiently settled to lend strength to any argument for a branch postoffice in North Globe, but with the building of the trolley line through that part of the city, which now seems to be assured for the near future, it is positive that the city will soon extend rapidly in that direction, and ultimately necessitate different facilities for mail distribution than are now afforded.

Aside from this fact, there is reason in the objection of North Globe residents that they are too far removed from the postoffice at present, and there is strength in their contention that present conditions, combined with those that are sure to arise in the near future with the growth of the city, justify the establishment of a branch postoffice in their neighborhood.

THE EARTH AND THE MOON

Does the earth shine on the moon at night, even as the moon shines on the earth? Scientists think it must be so, surely, but they cannot prove it nevertheless.

Well, one would hope so, anyway. The moon, it may be inhabited, despite astrological doubts—would certainly seem to be entitled to as much bay of reciprocity, if not otherwise. Earth owes a great debt to the moonlight. It has brought much genuine pleasure to beings here below; it has inspired our finest poetry, perhaps, and it has fanned into life thousands of beautiful love stories and furnished the foundation for romances untold.

If earth has reveled all these years in benign and glorious moonlight, we should all rejoice to

know that the moon has not lacked for sufficient earthlight to cheer it along its way and make more lovely moonly existence. We should think much of uplifting and charming poetry may have been inspired by moon bards basking in the soft and shimmering earthlight now and then. Moreover, it must be true that many songs popular among the moonites found their inspiration in the earthlight.

This, for instance—
"The earth shines fair tonight
Along the Wabash."

Or—
"Meet me by earthlight, alone, love."
We doubt not some lunatic Byron long ago embalmed in song the amorous doings of a moonstruck Don Juan, much to the delight of his many friends.

We hope the earth shines on the moon even as the moon shines on the earth. It would be too bad, indeed, in all the circumstances, we think, if it did not.

AN EPISODE OF COURAGE

One blow with a fist prevented a lynching at Newport, Ark., the other night. It was to have been a negro lynching. A black desperado had stabbed to the heart a rival of his own race. A black mob howled for his blood. Within the jail were sixteen men accused of murder and twenty other prisoners charged with minor offenses. It was these twenty who came to the side of order. They put out the lights in the jail, placed a guard over the cells of the sixteen murderers, and sent word of their fidelity to the sheriff and his deputy, who faced the mob without, two men against a thousand.

The mob had a white leader, who advanced toward the jail. The sheriff leaned his rifle against the wall and walked forward to meet him. One blow on the jaw knocked the rioter senseless. The sheriff went back to his rifle and ordered the mob to go back. It obeyed. Its retreat became a rout. The would-be-lynchers returned to the jail, where they found the twenty minor offenders standing guard in the darkness, over the cells of the murderers. This is a narrative of fact. It is not a romance. The mob was black, and it was inflamed with savage thirst for the blood of one of its own race. It may be doubted whether its bad cause was strengthened by a white leader, who must have had a black heart. But it was not a question of race. It was one of maintaining the law against riot. The courage of the two defenders outside the walls was epic. The co-operation of the minor prisoners within was praiseworthy, though its motive, obviously, may not have been unselfish.

It seems to be something of a cinch to guess where Mr. Walter Kellman's polar expeditions are going to end.

Mr. Fowler's somewhat bitter denunciation of Speaker Cannon is decidedly more entertaining than convincing.

"St. Louis advertises 'cultured milk,'" says the Cleveland Leader. It probably is necessary to advertise it in St. Louis. In Boston now, one naturally would expect to find it, regardless.

Kentucky "night riders" burned the tobacco crop of a window who refused to accede to their demands recently. The thing has about reached the limit in Kentucky when that sort of deed can be perpetrated and nothing come of

The Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

By Maude Marie

Heed my instructions, oh my daughter, for not by a man's attentions shalt thou know his intentions, neither by the way he treateth thee, but by the way he treateth thy mother.

Yea, as flirtation passeth unto love, and love unto paranoia, and paranoia unto matrimony, and matrimony unto divorce, so doth a man first regard his beloved's mother as a bogie, second as a potentate, third as an equal, fourth as a joke, fifth as a nuisance, and last as a devil.

For when first a man meeteth a damsel he standeth in awe of her mother. He looketh on her as a mystic power which must be propitiated and appeased.

He is abashed in her presence. He regardeth her wishes as law. He speaketh of her respectfully. He bringeth her burnt offerings from the confectioners.

He talketh to her patiently of the weather and the servant problem. He never interrupteth her.

Yet, in time he getteth used to her and taketh her as a matter of course—even as a part of the furniture. He treateth her as a jolly good fellow.

He beginneth to observe her little foibles. He waxeth merry, even flippant, in her presence. He speaketh to her as "the old girl." And again in time this passeth. Lo, she beginneth to get upon his nerves. He acteth bored when she is in the room.

He sigheth with relief at her departure. He sniffeth at her opinions. He calleth her "That woman!"

Yet, I say unto thee, not until he regardeth her with bitter enmity, not until he goeth out of his way to oppose her, not until he flingeth the words of her mouth in thy teeth, nor until he calleth her "she," shalt thou know that he regardeth her as a future mother-in-law!

Then prepare thine ears for a proposal and gird up thy loins for the making of thy trousseau. For the hour is at hand.

Yea, and in all the days of thy life thy husband shall be able to think of nothing worse to say unto thee than "Thou art just like thy mother!" Selah!

"Missouri has a law which makes it a felony to bring the dead to life," says the Norfolk Virginia-Pilot. Still, if Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk should succeed in bringing himself to life, it might not apply.

PASSING EVENTS

A Garment Workers' Colony.

Wage-earners everywhere, both men and women, will be interested in the plan of the Chicago Garment Manufacturers' association in considering a plan to centralize the business. One promised advantage will be the abolition of the sweat shop. Instead, there will be homes, club-houses, libraries and gymnasiums for 8,500 employees. The plan as outlined is to buy land outside the crowded part of the city and erect a great group of buildings. The estimated cost is \$5,000,000. The concerns interested do an annual business in Chicago of \$40,000,000 or more. Their plants are scattered and it is thought that by grouping them a large saving in rent, insurance, building repairs and other expenses would be effected. It is proposed that the buildings devoted to manufacturing be built of re-enforced concrete and with liberal provision for light and air.

A New Model Road.

A model road is the Hummelstown pike, near Harrisburg. It is made of a mixture of water gas tar, cement, liquid asphaltum, road oil, carbolic disinfecting powder, sulphate of copper and oil of wintergreen. The sulphate of copper is used to prevent the oils from becoming ignited and the wintergreen counteracts the odor of the others. There is nothing disagreeable about the smell. A curious effect of the mixture is its disinfecting power. During the past year there was not a single contagious disease in that section. The cost of applying the mixture is 5 1/2 cents a square yard. The cement binds the dirt together like stone, and the oil makes it waterproof, so that it readily sheds water. The road is never muddy, and, unlike a tar road, does not become slippery in winter time. Frost has no effect on it at all, as the mixture will not freeze. The cost of applying is very small, as it is sprinkled on like water. That the method and the mixture is a perfect success has been shown this summer. Despite the heavy automobile and wagon traffic, the road is perfectly smooth and very hard and it has met the test in every way.

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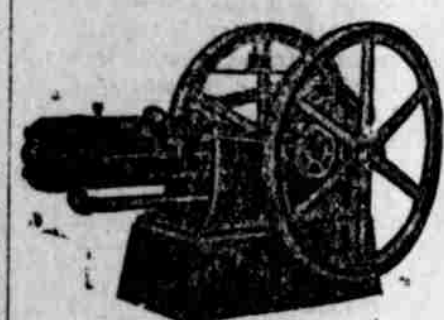
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